

A Man To His Mate

By J. ALLEN DUNN

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"They've swiped it," he said. "Put an empty one from the hold in its place. We got plenty without usin' that one for a while, an' I only happened to notice it this mornin' by chance. They've bin drinkin' all night, I reckon. They're ugly, Mr. Rainey. It's the crew this time. They got the booze. The hunters are sober. Deming ain't in on this. They did it on their own. I don't know how they got it. I didn't get it for 'em, sir. They must have worked plumb through the hold an' got to it that way."

"All right, Sandy. Thanks. Mr. Lund can handle them, I guess. He's coming now."

The men had got to the ice, hidden from Lund, who was walking to the Karluk on the opposite side of the vessel. The seamen were gesticulating freely; the sound of their voices came up to him where he stood, tinged with a new freedom of speech, rough, confident, menacing. As they climbed the trail their legs betrayed them and confirmed the boy's story. Behind them came the four hunters, with Hansen, walking apart, watching the sailors with a certain gravity that communicated itself despite the distance.

Lund showed at the far rail of the schooner with his bar. He glanced toward the men going to work, went below, and came up with a sweater. He had left the bar behind him in the cabin, where it was used for a stove poker.

The men fled by Rainey, their faces flushed and their eyes unusually bright. They seemed to share a prime joke that wanted to bubble up and over, yet held a restraint upon themselves that was eased by digs in one another's ribs, in laughs when one stumbled or hiccuped.

But Hansen was stolid as ever, and the hunters had evidently not shared the stolen liquor. Only Deming's eyes roved over the group of men as they gathered round for their cups and panikins of food. He seemed to be calculating what advantage he could gain out of this unexpected happening.

Peggy Simms, under cover of pouring the coffee, sweetened heavily with condensed milk, found time to speak to Rainey.

"They're all drunk," she said. "Not all of them. Here comes Lund. He'll handle it."

Lund seemed still pondering the problem of the foe. At first he did not notice the condition of the sailors. Then he apparently ignored it. But, after they had eaten, he talked to all the men.

"Two more days of it, lads, and we're through. The beach is high cleared. We can get out of the foe to blue water easy enough, an' we'll get a good start on the patrol-ship. We'll go back with full pockets an' heavy ones. The shares'll be half as large again as we've figured. I wouldn't wonder if they averaged sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars apiece."

Rainey had picked out a black-bearded Finn as the leader of the sailors in their debauch. The liquor seemed to have unchained in him a spirit of revolt that bordered on insolence. He stood with his bowed legs apart, mitted hands on hips, staring at Lund with a covert grin.

Next to Lund he was the biggest man aboard. With the rum giving an unusual co-ordination to his usually sluggish nervous system, he promised to be a source of trouble.

Rainey was surprised to see him shrug his shoulders and lead the way to the beach. Perhaps breakfast had sobered them, though the fumes of liquor still clung cloudily on the air.

Lund went down, with Rainey beside him, reporting Sandy.

"I'll work it out of 'em," said Lund. "That booze'll be an expensive luxury to 'em, paid for in hard labor."

They found the men ranged up in three groups. Deming and Beale, against custom, had gone down to the beach. They were supposed to help clean the food utensils, and aid Tamada after a meal, besides replenishing the fires.

They stood a little away from the hunters and Hansen and the sailors. The Finn, talking to his comrades in a low growl, was with a separate group.

There was an air of defiance manifest, a feeling of suspense in the tiny valley, backed by the frowning cone, ribbed by the two icy promontories. Lund surveyed them sharply.

"What in h—s the matter with you?" he barked. "Hansen, send up a man for the drills an' shovels. Yore work's laid out; hop to it!"

"We ain't got'n to work no more," said the Finn aggressively. "Not fo' no sich wage like you give."

"Oh, you ain't, ain't you?" mocked Lund. He was standing with Rainey in the middle of the space they cleared of gravel, the seamen lower down the beach, nearer the sea, their ranks compacted. "Why, you booze-bitten, lousy hunk, what in h—s do you want? You never saw twenty dollars in a lump you c'd call yore own for more'n ten minits. You boardin' house loafer an' the rest of you scum o' the seven seas. All yore shovels s'z-

git to diggin', or I'll put you ashore in San Francisco flat broke, an' glad to leave the ship, at that. Jump!"

The Finn snarled, and the rest stood firm. Not one of them knew the real value of their promised share. Money represented only counters exchanged for lodging, food and drink enough to make them sodden before they had spent even their usual wages. Then they would wake to find the rest gone, and throw themselves upon the selfish bounty of a boarding-house keeper.

But they had seen the gold, they had handled it, and they were inflamed by a sense of what it ought to do for them. Perhaps half of them could not add a simple sum, could not grasp figures beyond a thousand, at most. And the sight of so much gold had made it, in a manner, cheap. It was there, a heap of it, and they wanted more of that shining heap than had been promised them.

"You talk big," said the Finn. "Look my hands." He showed palms calloused, split, swollen lumps of chilblained flesh worn down and stiffened "I bin seaman, not navy."

Lund turned to the hunters.

"You in on this?" he asked. Deming and Beale moved off. Two of the others joined them. "Neutral?" sneered Lund. "I'll remember that!" Hansen and the two remaining came over beside Lund and Rainey.

"Five of us," said Lund. "Five men against twelve foe'sie rats. I'll give you two minits to start work."

"You talk big with yore gun in pocket," said the Finn. "Me good man as you enny day."

Lund's face turned dark with a burst of rage that exploded in voice and action.

"You think I need my gun, do ye, you pack of rats? Then try it on without it."

His hand slid to his holster inside his heavy coat. His arm swung, there



Lund's Face Turned Dark With a Burst of Rage That Exploded in Voice and Action.

was a streak of gleaming metal in the lifting sun-rays, flying over the heads of the seamen. It plunked in the free water beyond the ice.

"Come on," roared Lund, "or I'll rush you to the first bath you've had in five years." The Finn lowered his head, and charged; the rest followed their leader. The hot food had steeled their motive control to a certain extent, they were firmer on their feet, less vague of eye, but the crude alcohol still fumed in their brains. Without it they would never have answered the Finn's call to rebellion.

He had promised, and their drunken minds believed, that refusing in a mass to work would automatically halt things until they got their "rights." They had not expected an open fight. The spur of alcohol had thrust them over the edge, given them a swifter flow of their impoverished blood, a temporary confidence in their own prowess, a mock valor that answered Lund's contemptuous challenge.

Lund, thought Rainey, had done a fool-hardy thing in tossing away his gun. It was magnificent, but it was not war. Pure bravado! But he had scant time for thinking. Lund tossed him a scrap of advice. "Keep movin'! Don't let 'em crowd you!" Then the fight was joined.

The girl leaned out from the promontory to watch the tourney. Tamada, impassive as ever, tended his fires. Sandy crept down to the beach, drawn despite his will, and shuffled in and out, irresolute, too weak to attempt to mix in, but excited, eager to help. Deming, Beale and the two neutral hunters, stood to one side, waiting, perhaps, to see which way the fight went, reserves for the apparent victor.

The Finn, best and biggest of the sailors, rushed for Lund, his eyes

eyes red with rage, crazy with desire to make good his boast that he was as good as Lund. In his barbaric way he was somewhat of a dancer, and his legs were as lithe as his arms. He leaped, striking with fists and feet.

Lund met him with a fierce uppercut, short-traveled, sent from the hip. His enormous hand, bunched to a knucky lump of stone, knocked the Finn over, lifting him, before he fell with his nose driven in, its bone shattered, his lips broken like overripe fruit, and his discolored teeth knocked out.

He landed on his back, rolling over and over, to lie still, half stunned, while two more sprang for Lund.

Lund roared with surprise and pain as one caught his red beard and swung to it, smiting and kicking. He wrapped his left arm about the man, crushing him close up to him, and, as the other came, diving low, butting at his solar plexus, the giant gripped him by the collar, using his own impetus, and brought the two skulls together with a thud that left them stunned.

The two dropped from Lund's relaxed arms like sacks, and he stepped over them, alert, poised on the balls of his feet, letting out a shout of triumph, while he looked about him for his next adversary.

The bedrock on which they fought was slippery where ice had formed in the crevices. Two seamen tackled Hansen. He stopped the curses of one with a straight punch to his mouth, but the man clung to his arm, bearing it down. Hansen swung at the other, and the blow went over the shoulder as he dodged, but Hansen got him in chancery, and the three, staggering, swearing, sliding, went down at last together, with Hansen underneath, twisting one's neck to shut off his wild while he warded off the wild blows of the second. With a wild heave he got on all fours, and then Lund, roaring like a bull as he came, tore off a seaman and flung him headlong.

"Pound him, Hansen!" he shouted, his eyes hard with purpose, shining like ice that reflects the sun, his nostrils wide, glorying in the fight.

The Finn had got himself together a bit, wiping the gouts of blood from his face and spitting out the snags of his broken teeth. He drew a knife from inside his shirt, a long, curving blade, and sidled, like a crab, toward Lund, murder in his piggy, bloodshot eyes, waiting for a chance to slip in and stab Lund in the back, calling to a comrade to help him.

"Come on," he called, "Olsen, w't' yore knife. Gut the swine!"

Another blade flashed out, and the pair advanced, crouching, knees and bodies bent. Lund backed away warily toward the opposite cliff, looking for loose rock fragment. He had forbidden knives to the sailors since the mutiny, and had forced a delivery, but these two had been hidden. A knife to the Finn was a natural accessory. Only his drunken frenzy had made him try to beat Lund at his own game.

One of the two hunters, lamed with a kick on the knee, howling with the pain, clinched savagely and bore the seaman down, battering his head against a knob of rock. The other friendly hunter had bashed and buffeted his opponent to submission. But Rainey was in hard case.

A seaman, half Mexican, flew at him like a wildcat. Rainey struck out, and his fists hit at the top of the breed's head without stopping him. Then he clinched.

The Mexican was slippery as an eel. He got his arms free, his hands shot up, and his thumbs sought the inner corners of Rainey's eyes. The sudden, burning anguish was maddening and he drove his clasped fists upward, wedging away the drilling fingers.

Two hands clawed at his shoulders from behind. Someone sprang fairly on his back. A knee thrust against his spine.

The agony left him helpless, the vertebrae seemed about to crack. Strength and will were shut off, and the world went black. And then one of the hunters catapulted into the struggle, and the four of them went down in a maddened frenzy of blows and stifled shouts.

The sailors fought like beasts, striving for blows barred by all codes of decency and fair play, intent to maim. Lund had got his shoulders against the rocks and stood with open hands, watching the two with their knives, who crept in, foot by foot, to make a finish.

Peggy Simms, a strand of her pale yellow hair whipped loose, flung it out of her eyes as she stood on the edge of the cliff, her lips apart, her breasts rising stormily, watching; her features changing with the tide of battle as it surged beneath her, punctuated with muffled shouts and wind-clipped oaths. She saw Lund at bay, and snatched out her pistol. But the distance was too great. She dared not trust her aim.

Sandy, dancing in and out, willing but helpless, bound by fear and lack of muscle, saw Deming, followed by Beale, stealing up the trail, unnoticed by the girl, who leaned far forward, watching the fight her eyes on Lund

and the two creeping closer with their knives, cautious but determined. Tamada stood farther back and could not see them.

The lad's wits, sharpened by his forecastle experience, surmised what Deming and Beale were after as they gained the promontory flat and ran toward the fires.

"Hey!" he shrilled. "Look out; they're after the tools!"

Deming's hand was stretched toward a shovel, its worn steel scoop sharp as a chisel. Beale was a few feet behind him. They were going to toss the shovels and drills down to the seamen.

Tamada turned. His face did not change, but his eyes gleamed as he thrust a dipper in the steaming remnants of the pea soup and flung the thick blistering mass fair in Deming's face. At the same moment the girl's pistol cracked with a stab of red flame. Beale dropped, shot in the neck, close to the collarbone, twisting like a scotched snake, rolling down the trail to the beach again.

Deming, howling like a scorched devil, clawed with one hand at the sticky mass that masked him as he ran blind, wild with pain. He tripped, clutched, and lost his hold, slid on a plane of icy lava, smooth as glass, struck a buttress that sent him off at a tangent down the face of the cliff, bounding from impact with an out-thrust elbow of the rock, whirling in to space, into the icy turmoil of the waves, flooding into the inlet.

Peggy Simms fled down the trail with a steel drill in either hand, straight across the beach toward Lund. The Finn turned on her with a snarl and a side swipe of his knife, but she leaped aside, dodged the other slow-foot, and thrust a drill at Lund, who grasped it with a cry of exultation, swinging it over his head as if it had been a bamboo. Hansen had shaken off his men, and came leaping in for the second drill.

The knife fell tinkling on the frozen rock as Lund smashed the wrist of the Finn. The girl's gun made the second would-be stabber throw up his hands, while Hansen snatched his weapon, flung it over the farther cliff, and knocked the seaman to the ground before he joined Lund, charging the rest, who fled before the sight of them and the threat of the bars of steel.

Lund laughed loud, and stopped striking, using the drill as a goad, driving them into a huddled horde, like leaderless sheep, knee-deep, thigh-deep, into the water, where they stopped and begged for mercy while Hansen turned to put a finish to the separate struggles.

It ended as swiftly as it had begun. One hunter could barely stand for his kicked knee. Rainey's back was strained and stiffening, Lund had lost a handful of his beard, and Hansen's cheek was laid open.

On the other side the casualties were more severe. Deming was drowned, his body flung up by the tide, rolling in the swash. Beale was coughing blood, though not dangerously wounded. The Finn was crying over his broken wrist, all the fight out of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CITES EARTH'S 14 MOVEMENTS

Flammarion, French Astronomer, Enumerates Various Activities of Globe During Its Travels.

The fact that our earth in its voyage through space has no fewer than fourteen distinct movements has been pointed out by the French astronomer and scientist, Camille Flammarion, according to an article in the Paris Temps. These are as follows:

"Daily rotation, annual revolution, fluctuation or rocking due to the precession of the equinoxes in a period of 23,795 years, monthly movement of the earth around the center of gravity of the earth-moon couple; nutation caused by the attraction of the moon every eight and a half years; variation, coming once every century, of the obliquity of the ecliptic; variations every century of the eccentricity of the terrestrial orbit; displacement of the line of apses every 21,000 years; disturbances caused by the constantly changing attraction of the planets; displacement of the center of gravity of the solar system around which the earth travels annually, this center being determined by the variable positions of the planets; perpetual variation of latitudes; daily tides of the continental soil; displacement of the whole Milky Way, of which our sun is one star, toward the constellation of Capricorn, at the formidable speed of 375 miles per second, or 1,250,000 miles per hour."

Wool of Australia.

The great superiority of Australian wool is supposed to be due mainly to climatic conditions; but no little credit is also due to the grasses and herbage upon which the sheep feed. The native grasses of Australia are looked upon as superior for pasture to exotic grasses; experience has inclined the opinion that w. y. They possess great reproductive powers, and there is very little necessity for reseedling.

Spring Styles for Matrons and Accessories of Charm

SHE is a wise matron who understands that the poise and assurance that belong to women who have left youth behind them, are properly expressed by brilliant and beautiful clothes, having the right amount of dignity and reserve. Sometimes these qualities appear to be confounded with somberness, and in this case the matron will slip into the commonplace. But this mistake is better than its opposite, which is a lack of discrimination that makes some women of middle life adopt kittenish styles that are ridiculous for them. The clever matron does not need to be a copyist of girlhood; she may dress

Easter there are very beautiful flower toques in which the shape is entirely covered with blossoms, or the crown is covered with them supported by a narrow brim of crepe de chine. Some times the toque is merely a mass of lovely blossoms and sometimes a profusion of loops and ends of narrow, picot-edged ribbon falls from the brim at one side toward the back. Many sorts of blossoms are used, usually in pastel colorings, and one is apt to find among them little berries. The ribbon makes an added touch of brilliance when it has a gold or silver edge. Whoever made a dream of loveliness come true in the flower toque shown



A BEAUTIFUL AFTERNOON DRESS

In a way to make even youth envy her.

The fashionable fabrics play into the hands of matrons this season—in themselves they are dignified and rich. All the crepes, and especially the heavier ones and the broadened patterns, seem to belong to her. Gold and silver cloth, Persian and Paisley patterns in silk, jet trimmings, bead and other fringes, are at the call of the designers, and they revel in them. To suit individual style, they often elect to show what can be done with a plain silk crepe or other fabric, adorned with trimmings and not combined with any other material.

One designer's attempt of this kind resulted in the brilliantly successful

below, must have had in mind the Easter wedding. Having chosen the most beloved of flowers, the designer refused to adorn the rose and made the toque entirely of magnificent full-blown blossoms. A beauty-loving world cannot have too much of loveliness, and so a muff to match was added. Nothing more enchanting can be imagined for the attendants of the bride.

One of the virtues of this flower toque and muff set is its adaptability and another is its simplicity. It is not difficult for the milliner to make and may be appropriately worn with either simple or elaborate frocks. A crepe de chine is shown in the picture with adornment of silver braid. Im-



ATTRACTIVE ACCESSORIES

afternoon dress shown in the picture. This is of gray crepe marocain, made with full panels of uneven length that fall below the hem of the underskirt. Each of these panels is edged with a bias fold of the crepe, the long sleeves are split along the upper arm but held to the wrist by a narrow band of crepe and their edges are piped with it. They are set in an underbodice which is revealed by a draped overblouse that opens at the sides to the waist-line.

Among other things that designers have provided for the coming of

spring it in periwinkle blue, the toque and muff in natural rose pink, and the costume will prove irresistible. But it is that in any of the lovely spring colors.

Julia Bottomley

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Trends of gold used in India in making lace are drawn out so fine that 1,100 yards of it only weigh one ounce.